

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

MAY, No. 10
10¢

YOU'RE **THROUGH**, YOU RAT!
YOU MADE YOUR WORST MISTAKE
WHEN YOU PULLED THAT GUN
ON ME!

OH! I'M GLAD THE LAW
CAUGHT UP WITH THAT RACKETEER
AT LAST. HE HAS BEEN
TERRORIZING THIS WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD —

featuring:
**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GAIL FORD... GIRL FRIDAY

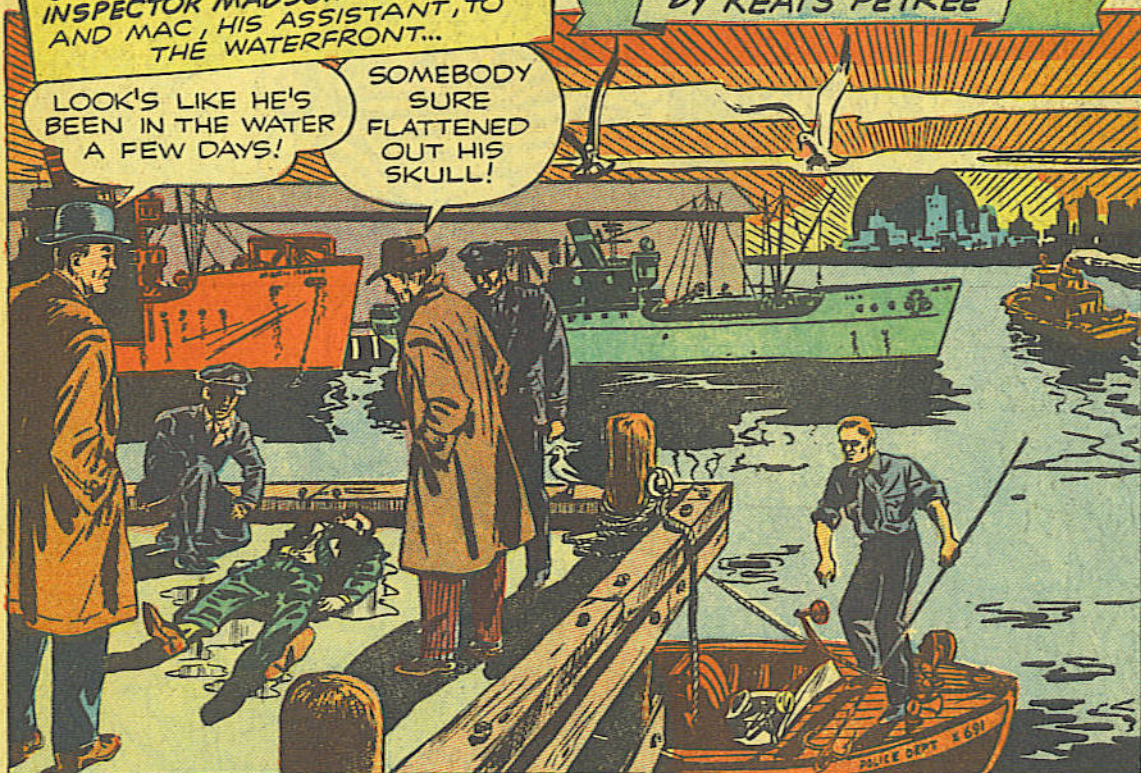
in
"DIME-A-DANCE DEATH!"

The EARLY-MORNING DISCOVERY OF A FLOATING BODY BRINGS INSPECTOR MADSON OF HOMICIDE AND MAC, HIS ASSISTANT, TO THE WATERFRONT...

by KEATS PETREE

LOOK'S LIKE HE'S BEEN IN THE WATER A FEW DAYS!

SOMEBODY SURE FLATTENED OUT HIS SKULL!



LATER, IN MADSON'S OFFICE...

HIS POCKETS WERE CLEANED OUT BY THE KILLER! THE ONLY LEAD IS THIS TICKET FROM THE "SUNSET PAVILION"... A WATERFRONT DIME-A-DANCE PLACE! IT WAS CAUGHT IN A SEAM OF HIS COAT! NOW, GAIL, OUR ONLY CHANCE...

I KNOW, CHIEF! GAIL, THE GUMSHOE, BECOMES A TAXI DANCER, AND WALTZES AROUND FOR CLUES!



I KNEW YOU'D DO IT, GAIL! MAC HERE WILL BE AROUND IF YOU NEED HIM!

OKAY, MAC... ON TO THE "SUNSET PAVILION"! MY FEET ARE ACHING ALREADY!



UNDER MAC'S WATCHFUL EYE, GAIL JOINS THE "HOSTESSES" AT THE "SUNSET PAVILION". A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

OW! AVAST THERE, SAILOR! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE HEADED! YOU'RE STEERING ONTO MY TOES!

I'M LOOKIN' FER A BLONDE NAMED MAE! MY BUDDY HAPPY LEFT HERE WITH HER A WEEK AGO, AND I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!



SENSING A LEAD, GAIL PUMPS HER PARTNER...

HARRY SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A LADIES' MAN!

OH, HE'S A SLICK ONE! BRITISHER...SMOOTH... USED TO BE A BUTLER FER SOME UPTOWN SOCIETY MUG BEFORE HE TOOK TO THE SEA!



SOCIETY MUG? SOUNDS INTERESTING! WHO WAS IT?

MAN NAMED ALBERT... SOMETHING LIKE THAT. SAY! THERE'S MAE NOW!



MAE! WANNA TALK TO YUH! WHERE'S HARRY?

I DUNNO WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT!

LEGGO HER, MATE!



WHERE IS HE? YUH LEFT HERE WIT' HIM!

I TOLD YUH TO LAY OFF, MATE!





INSTANTLY THE DANCE HALL IS A RAGING BEDLAM AS THE ROUGH-AND-READY CUSTOMERS EAGERLY PITCH INTO THE BRAWL! UNABLE TO KEEP AN EYE ON GAIL, MAC IS PINNED AGAINST THE WALL!

GOT YUH!

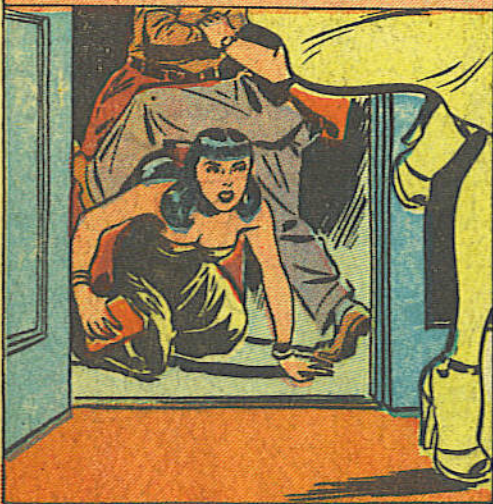
TAKE THAT!

BLIMEY!

MAE'S SNEAKING OUT THAT EXIT! I'D BETTER FOLLOW HER!

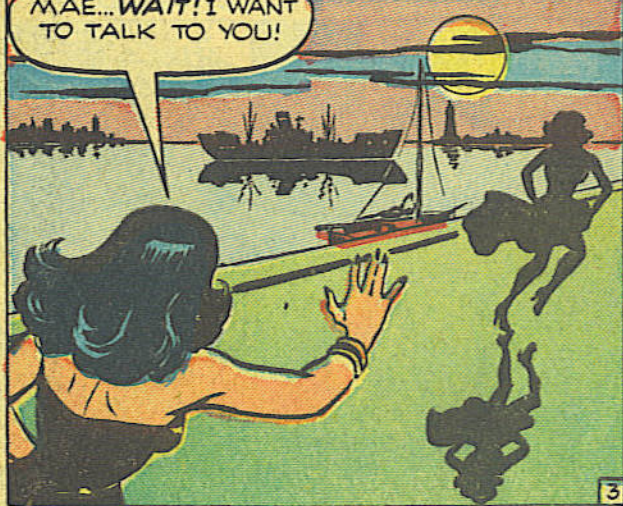


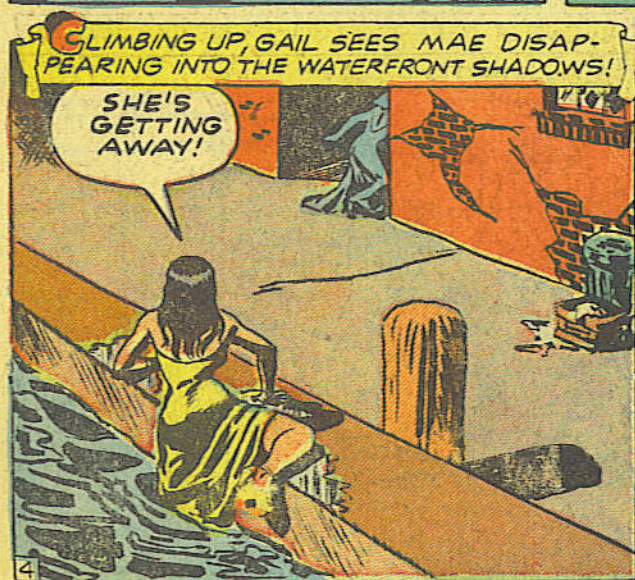
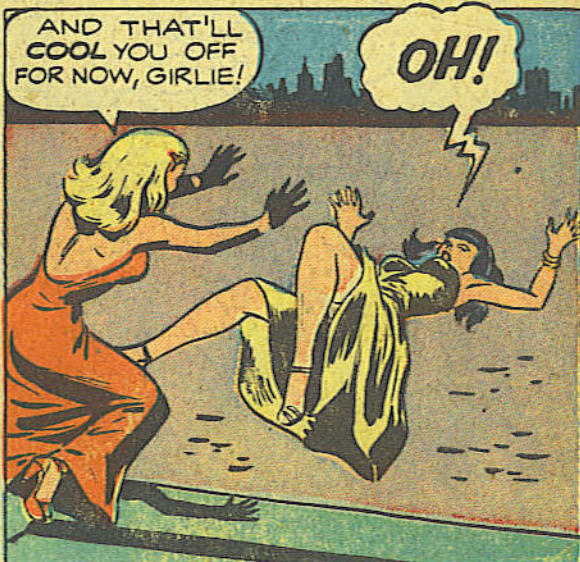
TWISTING HER WAY OUT THE DOOR, GAIL PURSUES THE FLEEING MAE...



ALONG A DESERTED WATERFRONT STREET...

MAE... WAIT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!





NEAR SPENCER ALBERT'S LAVISH HOME, GAIL SEES...

IT'S ALBERT!
GOING FOR A
DRIVE AT 3 A.M.!

I'LL TAKE THE CAR,
JAMES... I WON'T NEED
YOU ANYMORE TONIGHT!

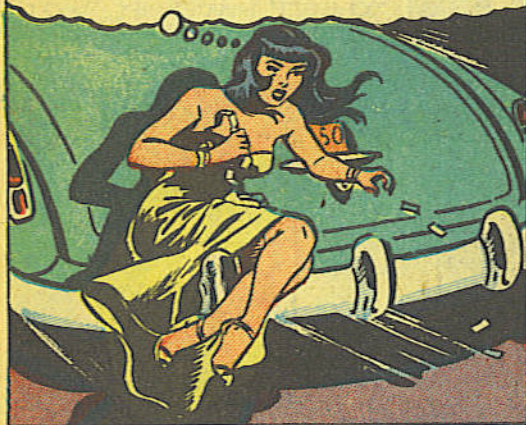


AS ALBERT'S CAR PULLS AWAY FROM THE CURB, GAIL TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE...

HOPPING CARS IS DANGEROUS...
BUT IT'S MY ONLY HOPE
OF TAILING HIM!



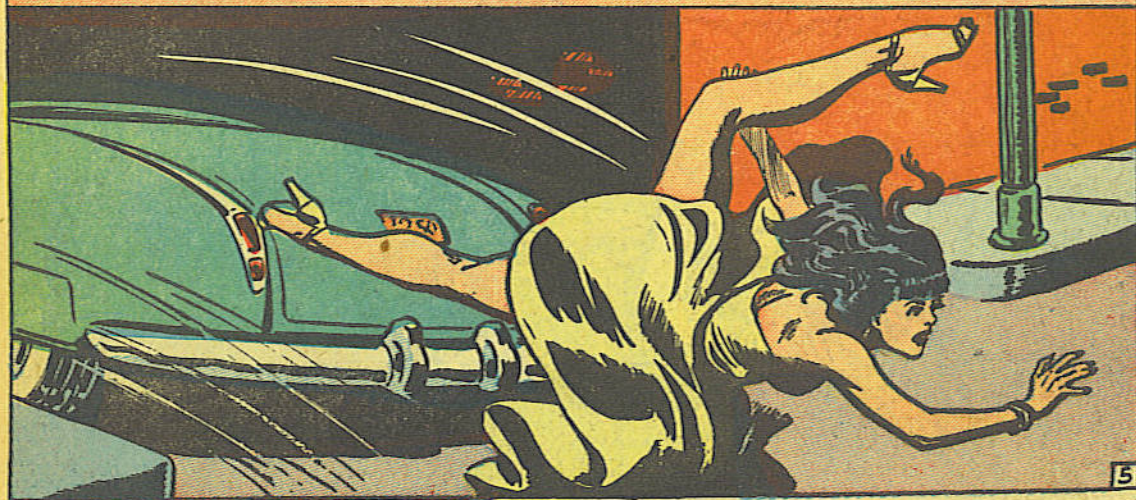
LOOKS LIKE ALBERT'S HEADED FOR
THE WATERFRONT! MAC WILL BE TRYING
TO LOCATE ME! MAYBE IF I SCATTER
THESE DANCE TICKETS THROUGH THE
STREETS, HE CAN PICKUP THE TRAIL!



IT'S THE WATERFRONT, ALL RIGHT!
MY HUNCH PAID OFF! IF I CAN
JUST HANG ON...



BUT THE SPEEDING CAR MAKES A SUDDEN SHARP TURN AND GAIL IS THROWN CLEAR!



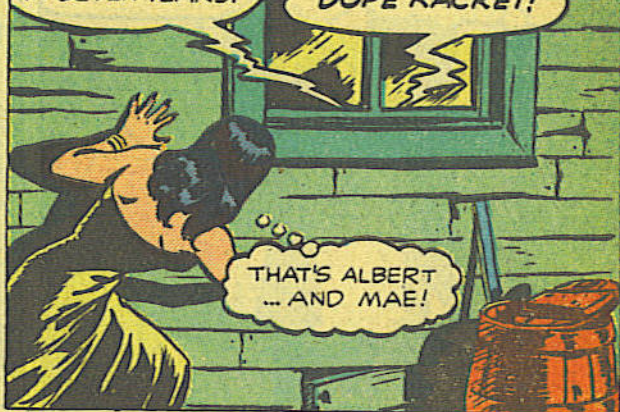
MINUTES LATER, THE DAZED GAIL
PULLS HERSELF TO HER FEET...

ALBERT'S CAR! PARKED AT THE
END OF THE ALLEY! AND THERE'S
A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR SHACK THERE!



QUITE A SPOT
YOU PICKED FOR
A RENDEZVOUZ,
MAE! YOU'VE
CHANGED A LOT
IN SEVEN YEARS!

HOW ABOUT YOU...MR.
SPENCER ALBERT! YOU
SURE CHANGED FROM THE
TIME YOU WERE PLAIN AL
SPENCE...KING OF THE
DOPE RACKET!

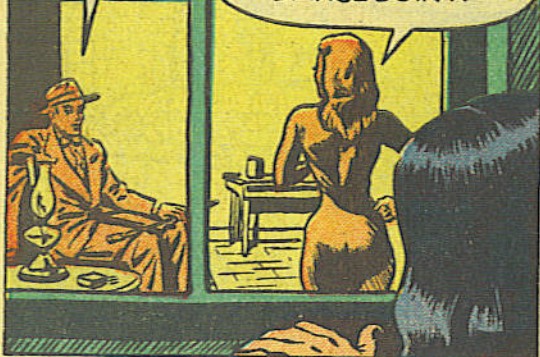


THAT'S ALBERT
... AND MAE!

PEERING THROUGH THE
WINDOW, GAIL SEES...

YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS THAT,
MAE!

AND SO YOU
LOOKED FOR ME...TO
KILL ME! YOU DIDN'T
KNOW I WAS HIDING
OUT IN A CRUMMY
DANCE JOINT!



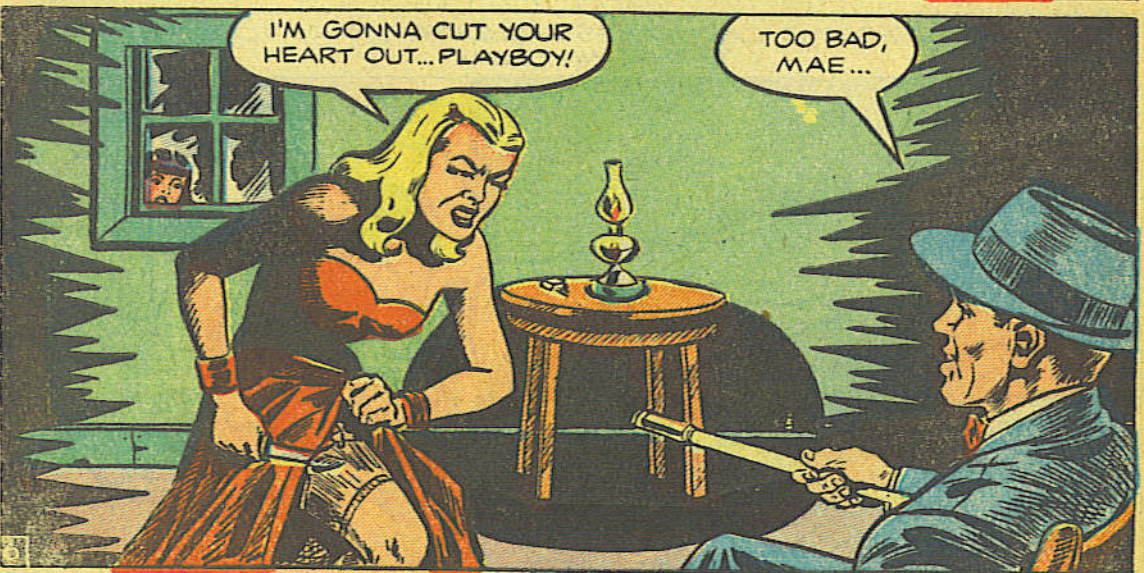
NOW I KNOW,
BUT WHY CALL
ME TONIGHT?

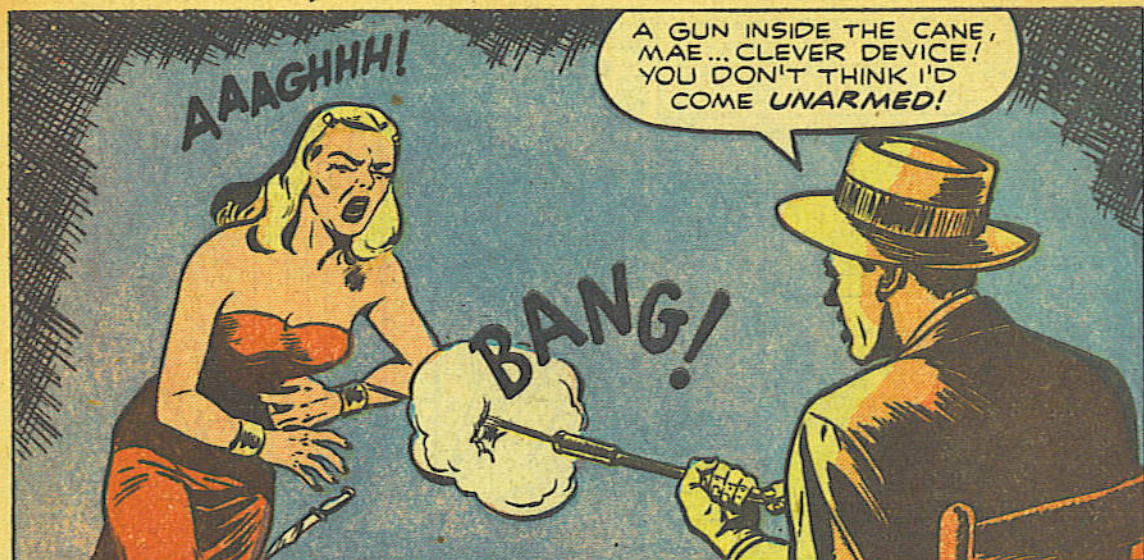
BECAUSE I'M SICK O'
HIDIN'! YOU HAD A
BUTLER... HARRY! HE
KNEW I WAS YOUR GIRL!
I HADDA TAKE CARE O' HIM
TO KEEP HIM QUIET... AND I
DECIDED TO TAKE CARE
O' YOU THE SAME WAY!



I'M GONNA CUT YOUR
HEART OUT...PLAYBOY!

TOO BAD,
MAE...

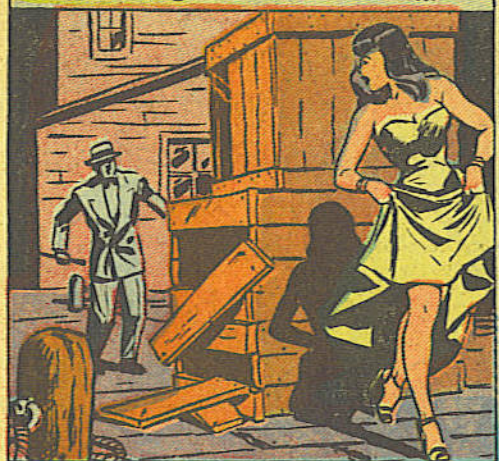




IN HER HASTE TO GET HELP, GAIL STUMBLES!



SILENTLY THE KILLER STALKS GAIL THROUGH THE GRIM DARKNESS, AS THE WAVES LAP QUIETLY UNDER THE PIER...



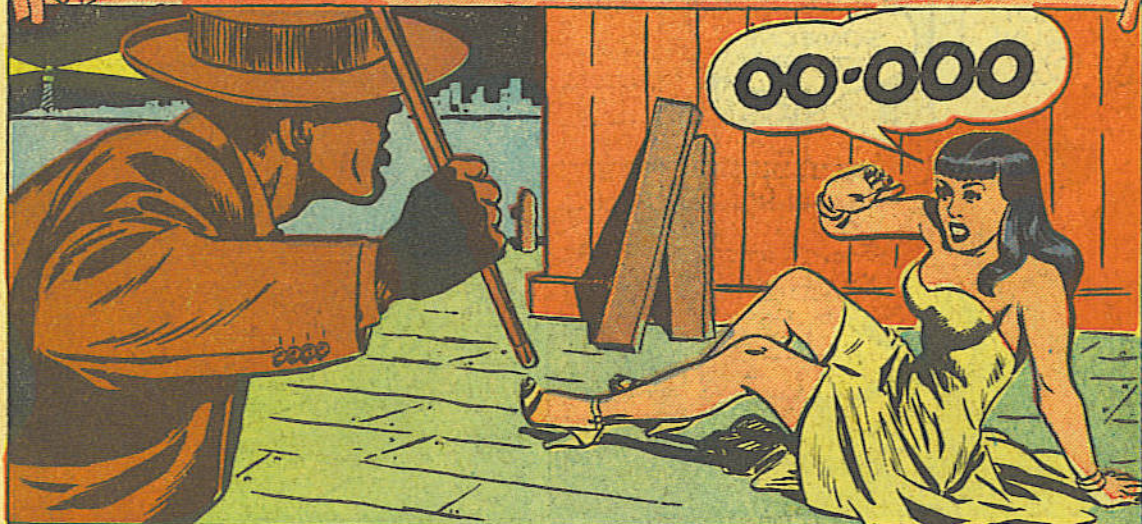
SUDDENLY THERE IS A NOISE!

**OHH!
A RAT!!**

THERE YOU ARE! THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW!



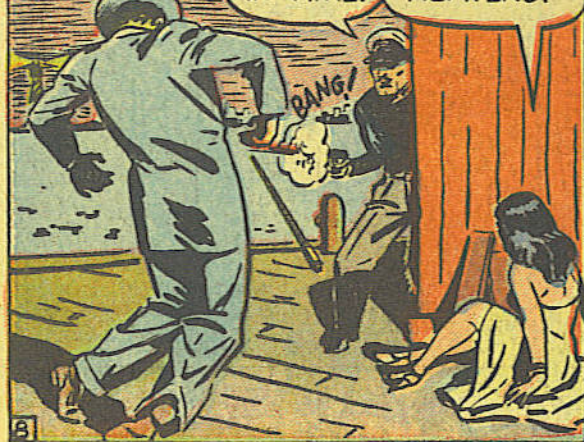
ALBERT LEAPS AT GAIL, SWINGING HIS CANE FOR A CRUSHING BLOW...



BUT ALBERT SEEMS TO STOP IN MID-AIR, THEN TWIST AND CRUMPLE!

JUST IN TIME!

MAC! THANK HEAVENS!



I COMBED THE WATERFRONT, AND FINALLY PICKED UP YOUR TRAIL OF TICKETS! WHO IS... OR WAS... THIS GUY?

A FORMER GANGSTER TURNED RESPECTABLE! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER, MAC! RIGHT NOW I WANT TO RELAX. THIS NIGHT LIFE IS KILLING ME... IT ALMOST DID!



LOOK FOR GAIL'S NEW CASE NEXT ISSUE...

DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

DEATH TRUMPS THE JOKER

ALTAMONT CAMERAMAN CHUCK BOONE, HOLLYWOOD'S MOST NOTORIOUS PRACTICAL JOKER, CHATS WITH DAN TURNER IN A GIN MILL

HERE'S A PASS TO STAGE SIX, SHERLOCK! DON'T MISS BEING THERE TOMORROW MORNING! I'VE RIGGED THE BIGGEST JOKE OF MY CAREER!

WHO'S THE GOAT OF THE CAPER?



STORY: ROBT
LESLIE BELLEM

PICTURES: MAX
PLAISTED

IT'S LAURA LANE, OUR NEWEST STAR--- THE GAL WITH THE GORGEOUS BUILD AND THE EXCESSIVE MODESTY! YOU'LL SEE A LOT OF HER, PHILO!

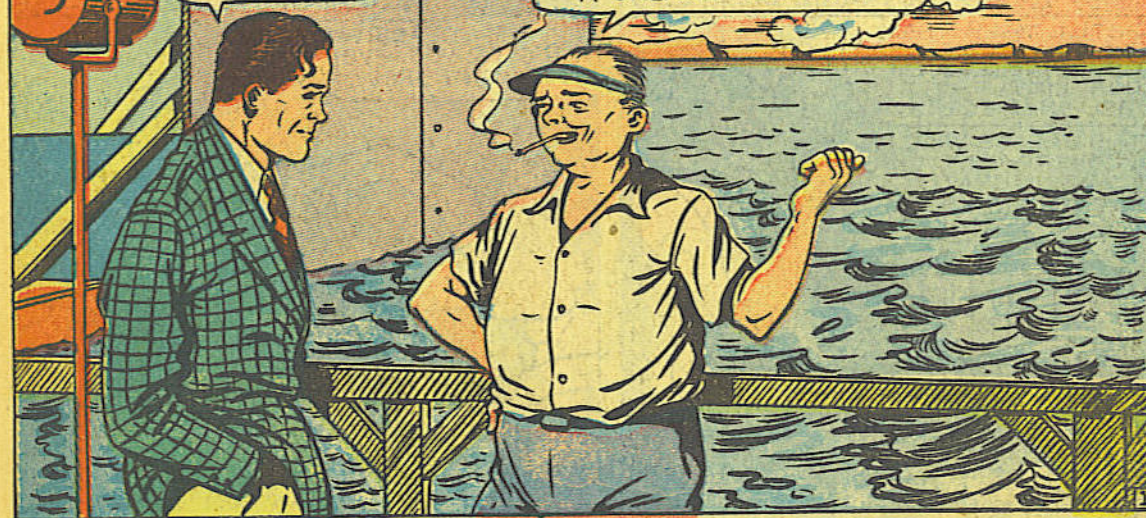
SOUNDS ENTICING!



NEXT DAY TURNER VISITS SOUND STAGE SIX, A TANK SET REPRESENTING A PORTION OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

HERE I AM, CHUCK! TELL ME THE GIMMICK!

LAURA LANE PORTRAYS A CHANNEL SWIMMER COATED WITH THICK GREASE! I'VE SATURATED THE WATER WITH A GREASE SOLVENT.



YIPE! THAT WILL
MELT ALL THE
GOO OFF HER!

CORRECT! IT WILL
BE A SWIM-STRIP
TEASE!



BUT THE LANE QUAIL IS SO MODEST
SHE'LL BE EMBARRASSED TO

SHUCKS, NOBODY EVER
DIED OF BLUSHING. AND
THINK OF THE LAUGHS WE'LL
GET. SHE WOULD NEVER
LET HERSELF BE PHOTO-
GRAPHED IN A
BATHING SUIT.



**PENNY VERNON, PERT ALTAMONT PRESS AGENT,
BRINGS SOME NEWSPAPER COLUMNISTS ON STAGE.**

THOUGH LAURA LANE IS NOTED FOR
HER SHYNESS AND MODESTY, TODAY
YOU FOLKS WILL SEE HER IN
A SWIMMING SEQUENCE!
IT TOOK THE FRONT OFFICE
A LOT OF ARGUMENT TO PERSUADE HER TO MAKE
THIS PICTURE!

BRING HER ON!
I'M DROOLING!



NOW WE'LL
FIND OUT IF
SHE WEARS FALSIES, AS
I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED!

**LAURA LANE'S MAID HELPS HER GET
READY IN HER DRESSING ROOM.**

I STILL THINK THEY
SHOULD LET ME WEAR
A SUIT INSTEAD OF
THIS LITTLE—I
FEEL SHAMELESS!

THIS GREASE WILL
COVER YOU,
MISS LAURA.



THERE'LL BE NEWSPAPER PEOPLE
WATCHING THE SCENE!

BUT THE GREASE WILL BE
ALL OVER YOU. EVEN THE
SUIT WON'T SHOW.



PACED BY TWO SUPPORTING HAMS IN A ROWBOAT, THE LANE DOLL STARTS HER PHONY CHANNEL-SWIM

ROLL 'EM!
ACTION!
GOOSE THAT WAVE
MACHINE!

LOOKS SO REAL IT
MAKES ME SEASICK!

THE GREASE IS OFF.
THROW ME A COAT--
OR SOMETHING!

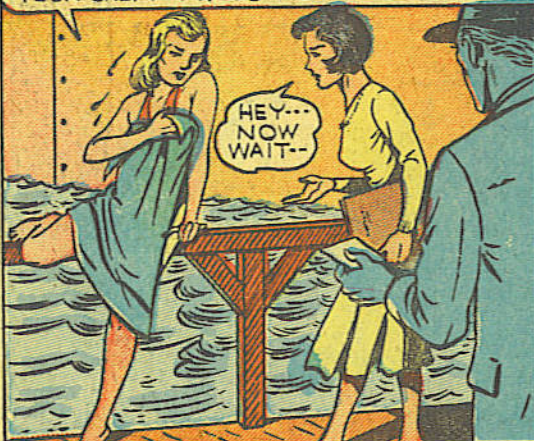
THE GREASE-SOLVENT IN THE
WATER DOES ITS STUFF---

EE-EE--EEK!
MY GREASE IS
MELTING OFF!

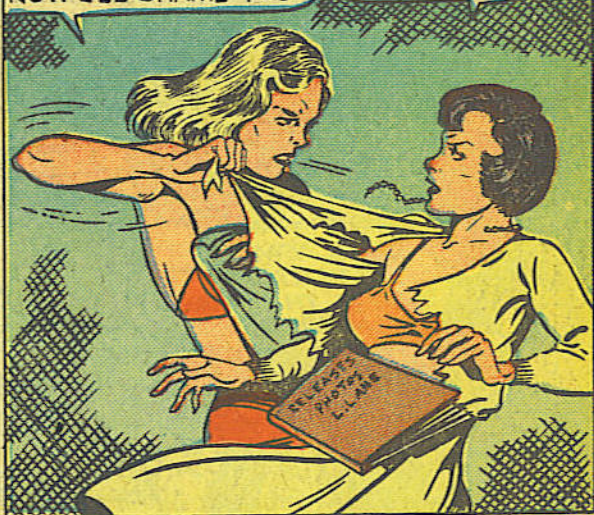
A TOWEL ---
ANYTHING! IF YOU
MEN PEEP AT ME
I'LL KILL YOU!

GLAD IN A TOWEL, LAURA CLIMBS FROM THE TANK AND ACCUSES THE WRONG PERSON

YOU PUT SOLVENT IN THE WATER, PENNY VERNON! IT WAS ONE OF YOUR CHEAP PRESS-AGENT TRICKS!

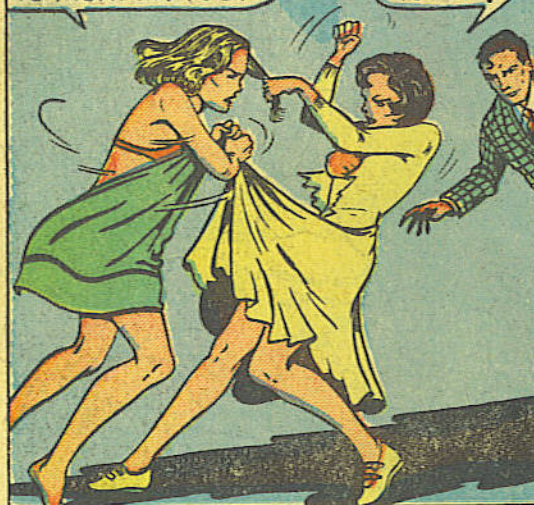


YOU SHAMED ME! NOW I'LL SHAME YOU! CUT IT OUT!

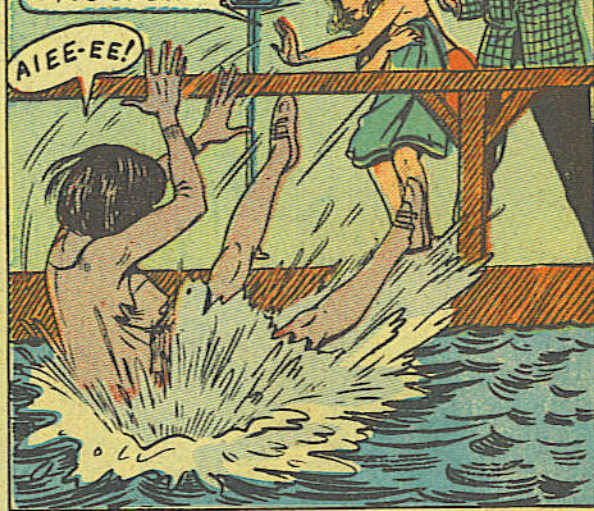


BY RIGHTS I OUGHT TO MURDER YOU!

QUIT IT, YOU IDIOT!



THERE! I HOPE YOU DROWN!



TURNER TACKLES LAURA AN INSTANT BEFORE SHE CAN HURL A HEAVY LAMP AT PENNY'S HEAD

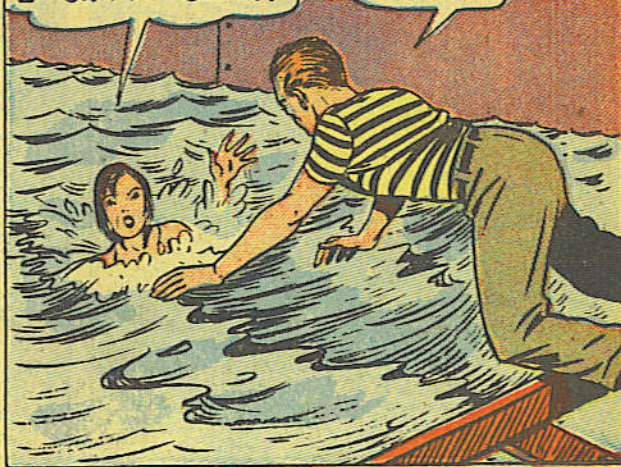
LET GO OF ME! I'LL BRAIN HER! IX-NAY! YOU'RE PITCHING AT THE WRONG PARTY!



ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN JOE FARLEY DIVES TO PENNY'S RESCUE

HELP! I'M DROWNING! I--CAN'T---SWIM!

I'LL SAVE YOU, BABY!



AS CHUCK BOONE OPENS HIS CAMERA, TURNER GIVES HIM A TONGUE-LASHING-

YOU'RE PRACTICAL JOKE WAS PRETTY SHABBY, BUSTER!

TURNED INTO A HECK OF A HASSLE, HUNH, HAWKSHAW!



YEAH, BUT LAURA MIGHT HAVE CROAKED PENNY, YOU HEEL!

SO WHAT? I NOT ONLY GOT MY FOOTAGE OF THE SWIM STRIP-TEASE, BUT OF THE STRIP-TEASE FIGHT, TOO!



LAURA LANE OVERHEARS BOONE'S ADMISION OF GUILT

OH-H-H PENNY, I'M SO SORRY I ACCUSED YOU! IT WAS CHUCK BOONE WHO PUT SOLVENT IN THE TANK! WILL YOU PLEASE FORGIVE ME?

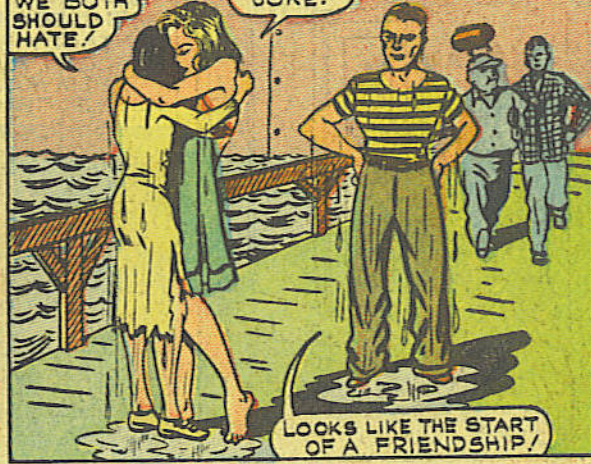
I G-GUESS I W-WILL, IF I EVER G-GET THE WATER WRUNG OUT OF ME!



THE GIRLS TEARFULLY EMBRACE

I'M NOT SORE AT YOU, BOONE IS THE LOUSE WE BOTH SHOULD HATE!

B-BOO-HOO! TO THINK I SUSPECTED YOU OF HIS NASTY PRACTICAL JOKE!



LOOKS LIKE THE START OF A FRIENDSHIP!

THEN THEY BOTH OVERHEAR MORE OF BOONE'S TALK TO TURNER

THINK OF THE FUN I'LL HAVE PROJECTING THIS REEL! MAYBE I'LL SELL SOME CLIPS AND MAKE A FORTUNE!

LET'S TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM!

YES, EVEN IF WE HAVE TO TEAR HIM APART TO GET IT!



GIVE ME THE SPOOL SO I CAN DESTROY IT, YOU LOUSE!

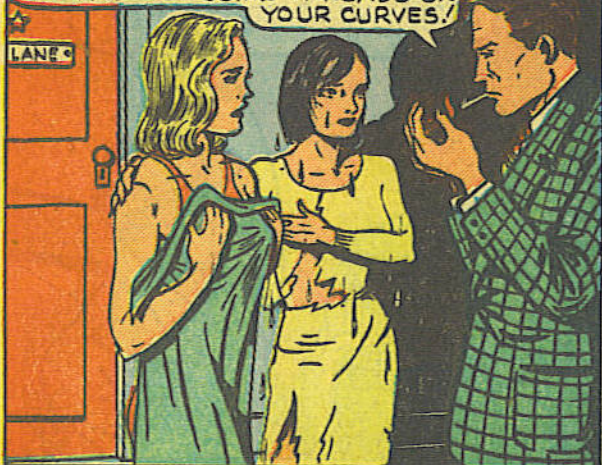
NUTS! THE FILM IS MINE! I'M KEEPING IT!



AWK!

BOONE VANISHES SOMEWHERE ON THE ALTAMONT LOT — NO USE CHASING BOONE

ANY FURTHER/ YOU KIDS BETTER DRY AND PUT SOME THREADS ON YOUR CURVES!



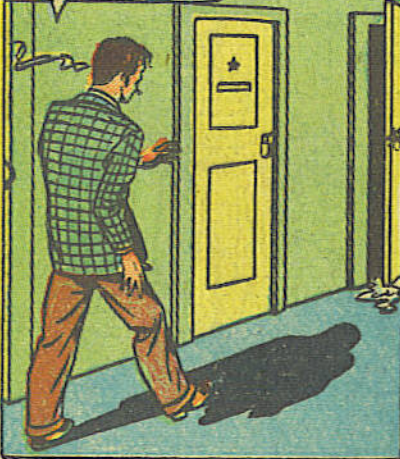
COME INTO MY DRESSING ROOM, PENNY/ I'LL LEND YOU ONE OF MY FROCKS!

GEE, LAURA, THANKS, BUT I'LL NEVER FILL IT OUT AS WELL AS YOU!



DAN WANDERS ALONG THE HALL

HEY/ THAT CLOSET DOOR WAS CLOSED THE LAST TIME I CAME THIS WAY!



HE PEERS INTO THE CLOSET —

CRIPES, IT'S BOONE/ HE'S DECEASED! SOMEBODY BASHED IN HIS CONK AND OPENED THE FILM MAGAZINE --- FOGGED THE NEGATIVE!



LAURA AND PENNY ARRIVE --- AND JUMP TO A CONCLUSION

GOSH, GUMSHOE, DID YOU HAVE TO K-KILL HIM TO SPOIL THE REEL AND SAVE OUR REPUTATIONS? WE'LL NEVER TELL ON YOU, PHILO!



JUST A CONFOUNDED MINUTE! I WAS WONDERING IF YOU QUAILS SNEAKED FROM THE DRESSING ROOM BY A BACK DOOR AND PULLED THIS CROAKERY YOURSELVES!

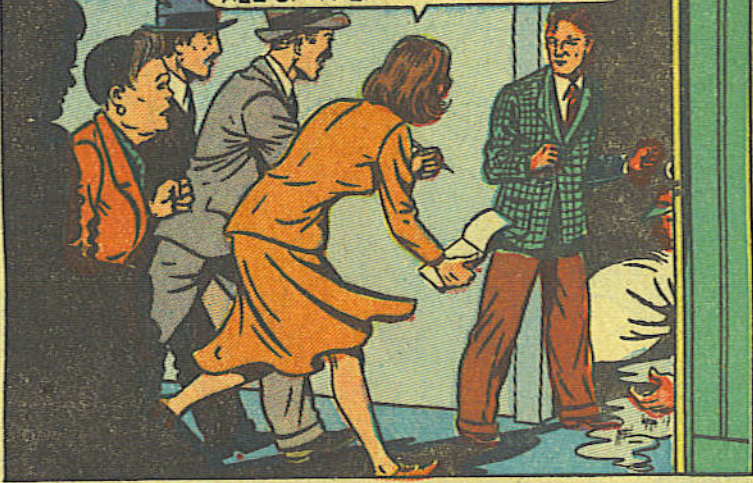


TURNER'S BLURT CAUSES LAURA TO SCREAM AND FAINT~



THE SCREAM BRINGS THE REPORTERS TO THE SCENE

BOONE'S BEEN MURDERED! TURNER THREATENED HIM! SO DID PENNY AND LAURA! BETTER HOLD ALL OF THEM FOR THE COPS!



RUN, GUMSHOE!

YES--QUICK--GET AWAY!



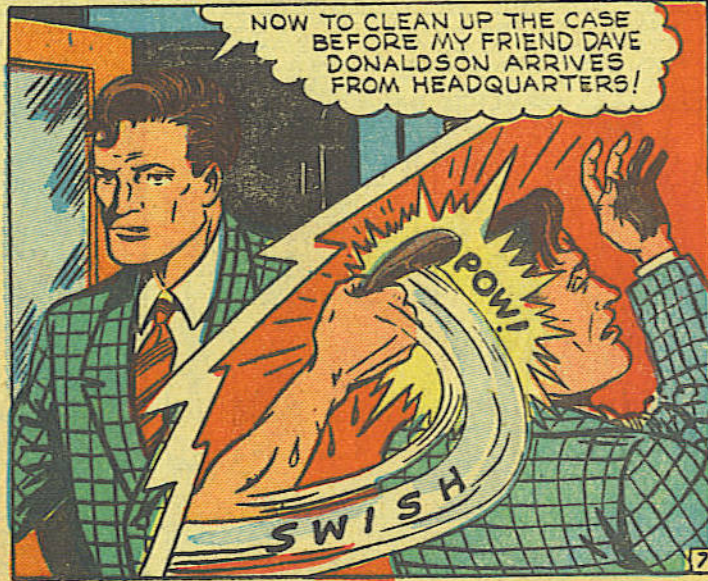
SOMEBODY PHONE THE HOMICIDE BUREAU!

TURNER PHONES THE STUDIO FRONT OFFICE A QUESTION AND GETS THE RIGHT ANSWER

YEAH, I FIGURED THAT WAS THE SETUP! THANKS!



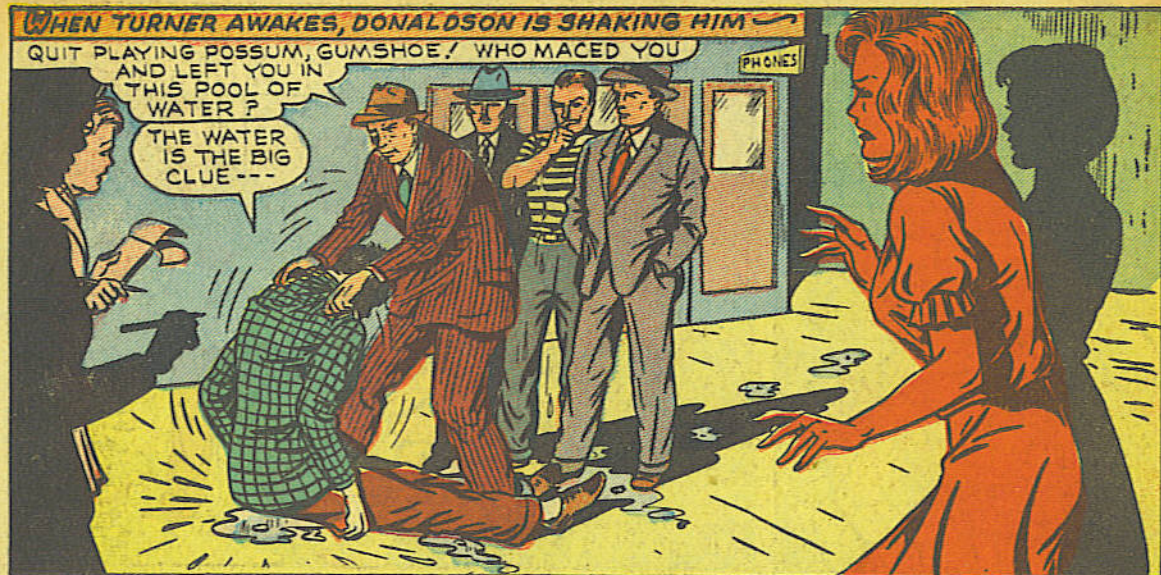
NOW TO CLEAN UP THE CASE BEFORE MY FRIEND DAVE DONALDSON ARRIVES FROM HEADQUARTERS!



WHEN TURNER AWAKES, DONALDSON IS SHAKING HIM

QUIT PLAYING POSSUM, GUMSHOE! WHO MACED YOU
AND LEFT YOU IN
THIS POOL OF
WATER?

THE WATER
IS THE BIG
CLUE---

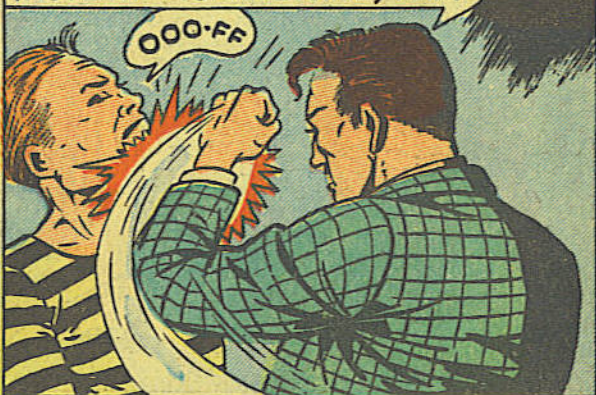


AND ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN JOE FARLEY
IS THE KILLER! I FOUND OUT FARLEY
WOULD INHERIT BOONE'S JOB --- AS
FIRST CAMERAMAN, THAT WAS HIS
CROAKERY MOTIVE! YOU'RE OUT OF

YOUR HEAD, FLATFOOT!



THERE WAS WATER NEAR BOONE'S BODY
--- AND WATER WHERE YOU LEFT ME
AFTER CONKING ME! YOUR CLOTHES
WERE DRIPPING FROM A DIVE IN THE
TANK, BUT NO MOISTURE DRIPPED
FROM LAURA OR PENNY! HAVE A
TASTE OF FIST-MEDICINE, PAL!



TAKE HIM TO THE GOW, DAVE! HE SAW AN
OPPORTUNITY TO BUMP BOONE AND
TURN SUSPICION ON LAURA, PENNY AND
MYSELF, BUT HIS SOAKED
GARMENTS GAVE HIM AWAY!

HE'LL GET DRIED
OUT IN THE
CYANIDE CHAMBER!



OKAY KIDS, THE EMBARRASSING REEL IS
RUINED AND THE KILL IS SOLVED! I'VE
LAMPED ENOUGH OF YOU DOLLS TO
CRAVE TO KNOW YOU BETTER. LET'S ALL
ALL HAVE A DATE
FOR DINNER
TONIGHT.



RAY HALE

News
Ace

"The SINISTER GUEST!"

by NEWT ALFRED

ONE DAY, RAY HALE, STAR REPORTER, AND RUTH MERIDEN, ONE OF THE "SOB SISTERS" OF THE "CLARION", ARE CALLED OVER BY THEIR CITY EDITOR, WHO HAS A HOT LEAD FOR THEM...

THERE'S A DELEGATION FROM IRAQ IN TOWN TO NEGOTIATE SOME OIL CONCESSIONS...THEY OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF FEATURES.

SURE...I'LL GET THE POLITICAL ANGLE!

DID THEY BRING THEIR HAREMS?



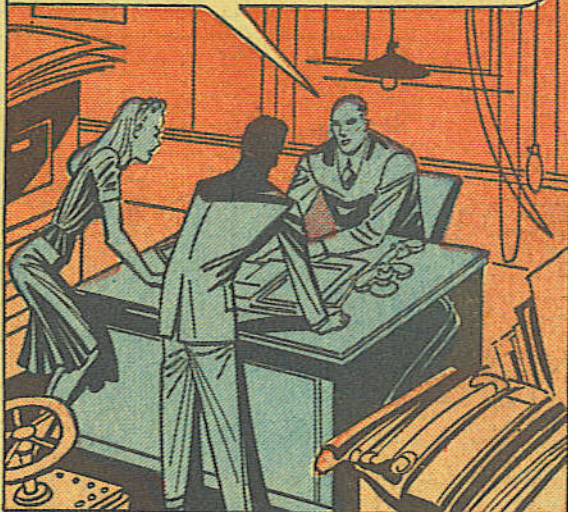
THE DELEGATION IS BEING ENTERTAINED TONIGHT AT THE BIG PHELPS ESTATE OUTSIDE OF TOWN. INSTEAD OF PRESS PASSES, I GOT YOU REAL INVITATIONS!

GOSH, I'LL FEEL STRANGE IN EVENING CLOTHES!

I'D LOVE TO GO!



NOW LISTEN TO THIS...AN INTERNATIONAL SPY KNOWN ONLY AS "THE OWL" IS RUMORED TO BE IN TOWN, TOO! THERE MIGHT BE A REASON...THIS FOREIGN OIL DEAL, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THIS SPY LOOKS LIKE...JUST THAT HE WEARS GLASSES!



THAT EVENING, HALE CALLS FOR RUTH...

BABY, YOU'RE A DREAM!

GLAD YOU APPROVE, RAY. LET'S GET GOING!



THE RECEPTION IS A BRILLIANT EVENT...

THAT'S CORA ZENDER
WITH HAFIZ BEY. I HEAR SHE'S A
POPULAR HOSTESS ABROAD. SHE
KNOWS ALL THE BIG SHOTS!



LATER, RUTH MEETS MME. ZENDER...

I ALWAYS LIKE TO MEET
THE PRESS! DO COME TO
TEA TOMORROW.

LOVE
TO...



SOME TIME LATER, THERE IS A
SUDDEN COMMOTION...

WHAT'S
WRONG?

SOMEBODY'S IN
THERE... HURT!

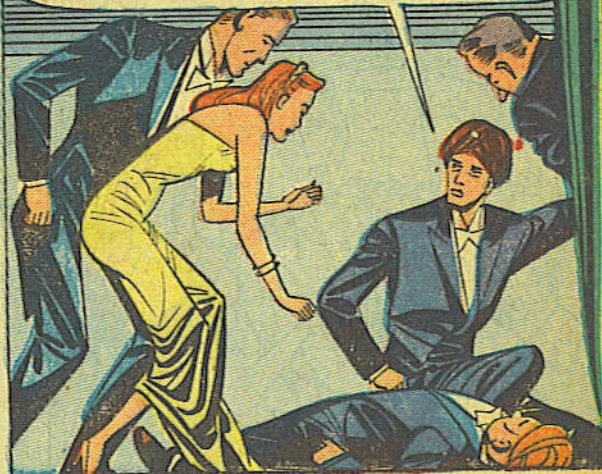


A MEMBER OF THE DELEGATION LIES
DEAD BEYOND THE CURTAIN...

IT'S MURDER! AND WITH A KNIFE!
LOOK AT THAT MARK
ON HIS THROAT!



THIS IS SERIOUS, GENTLEMEN! SOME
IMPORTANT PAPERS ARE MISSING!



IN A CORRIDOR...

WHAT'S THIS?

SOMEONE WHACKED ME DOWN... A MAN WITH GLASSES!

LET'S LOOK OUTSIDE...



THERE HE GOES!



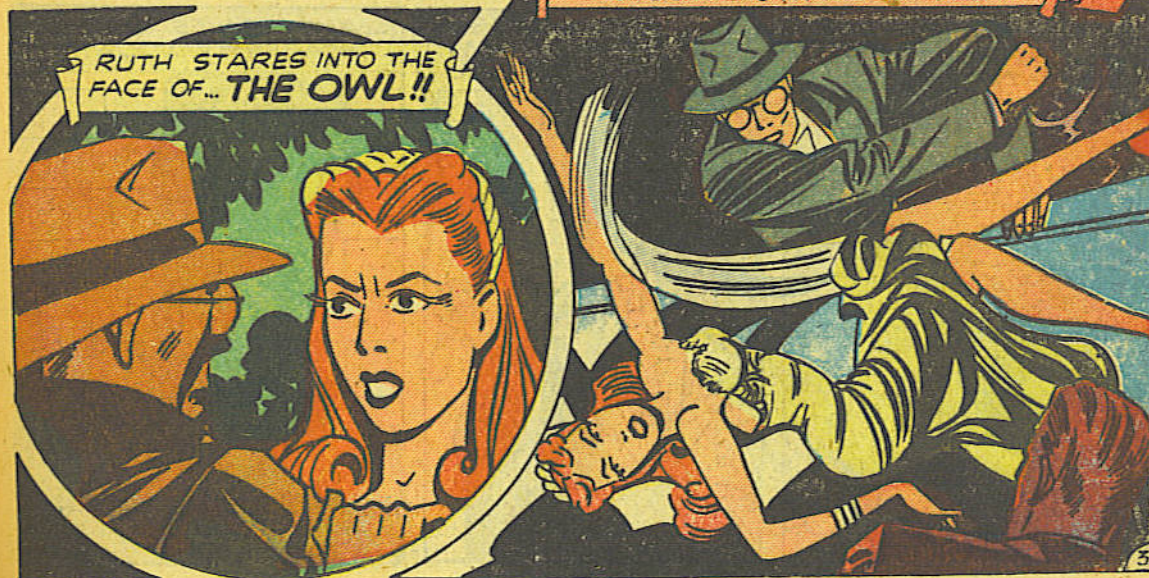
GIVE ME A BOOST UP...

SEE WHICH WAY HE WENT!



WITH A VICIOUS SWING, THE OWL KNOCKS RUTH BACKWARD...

RUTH STARES INTO THE FACE OF... THE OWL!!



WELL... I GUESS
HE GOT AWAY!



WHAT
HAVE
YOU
THERE?

I'VE FOUND A VERY
IMPORTANT CLUE! IN FACT,
I PRACTICALLY KNOW
WHO THE OWL IS!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

IT WAS NICE
OF YOU TO
INVITE ME.

I CAN INTRODUCE YOU
TO LOTS OF IMPORTANT
PEOPLE. MAYBE YOU
CAN BE OF USE TO
ME, TOO!



WHAT A CURIOUS
RING... MAY I HOLD IT?

WELL... JUST FOR
A MOMENT!



JUST THEN, A SERVANT
REQUESTS MME. ZENDER'S
URGENT ATTENTION...

AS HER HOSTESS
LEAVES THE ROOM,
RUTH ACTS FAST...



...AND LEAVES BY THE
NEAREST WINDOW!



THAT NIGHT, HALE VISITS RUTH, AND
WHEN HE LEAVES...

RAY, I'VE GOT A SWELL
LEAD. BUT I WANT TO
USE THE SCOOP IN THE
FIRST EDITION
TOMORROW.

THAT'S OKAY,
BABY. YOU'RE
ENTITLED TO
BREAK THE
STORY! GOOD NIGHT!



AS SOON AS HALE LEAVES, A SINISTER
FIGURE GLIDES FROM THE ADJOINING ROOM...

DON'T UTTER A SOUND,
OR I'LL SHOOT!



A BLOCK AWAY, HALE MISSES HIS
GLOVES AND TURNS BACK...

GOSH, THIS FOG IS ROLLING
IN FAST... I WONDER IF
RUTH IS STILL UP...



HE HEARS A PIERCING SCREAM ... IT
COMES FROM RUTH'S APARTMENT...



WHERE'S THE
RING YOU STOLE?

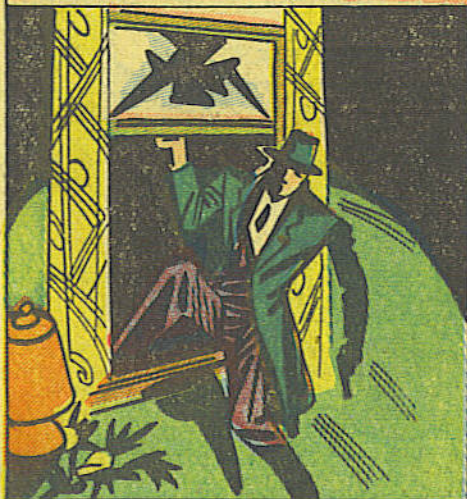


HALE SMASHES THROUGH THE DOOR...

LUCKY THE DOORS
IN THESE OLD HOUSES
AREN'T TOO STRONG!



THE INTRUDER BEATS A
HASTY RETREAT...



THE FLEEING FIGURE STEALS
A CAR...



HALE AND RUTH RACE DOWNSTAIRS...



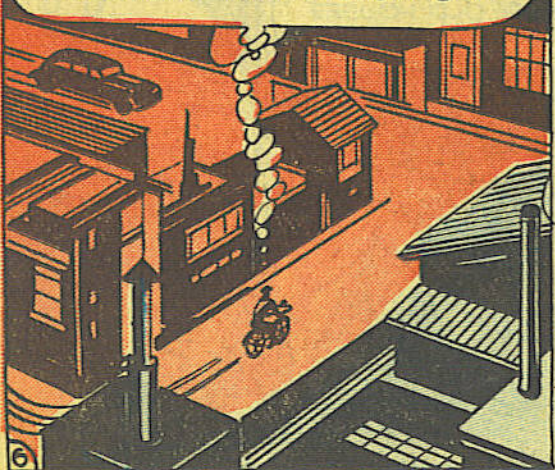
RUTH LUCKILY PICKS UP A
MOTORCYCLE COP...

I'M RUTH MERIDEN, OF THE "CLARION".
THAT'S A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL. HELP
US CATCH HIM - QUICK!



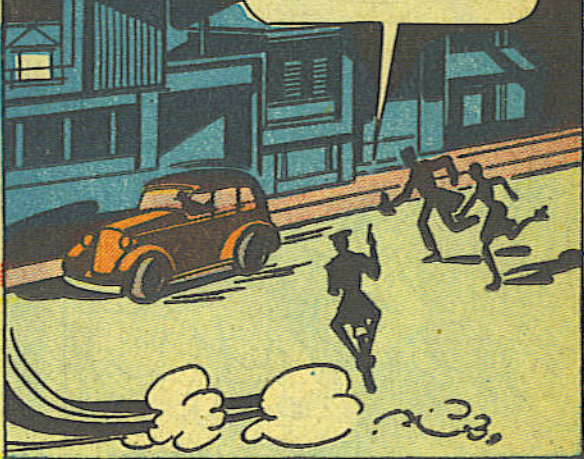
THE COP TAKES A SHORT CUT...

I'LL CUT THROUGH HOGAN'S ALLEY
AND HEAD THAT FELLOW OFF!



THE WILY COP STOPS THE FLEEING
CAR...

PULL UP, THERE!

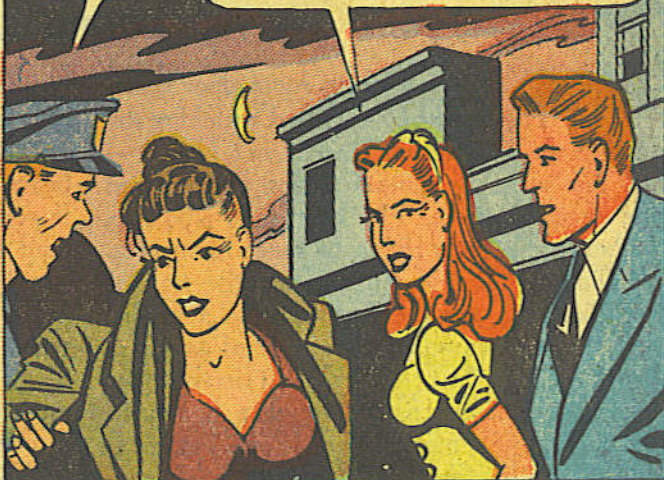


COME OUTA THERE, YOU THIEF! I KNOW THIS CAR, AND IT ISN'T YOURS!

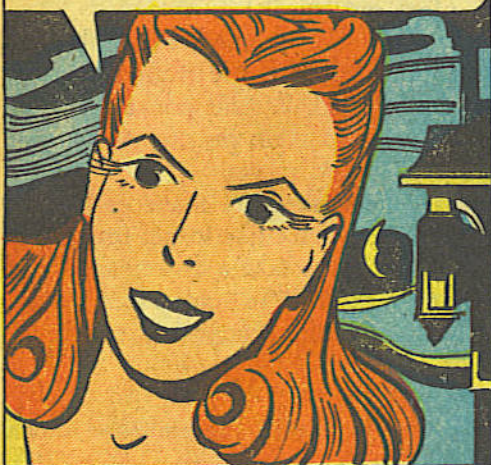


WHY... IT'S A DAME!

I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S CORA ZENDERS, ALIAS THE OWL!



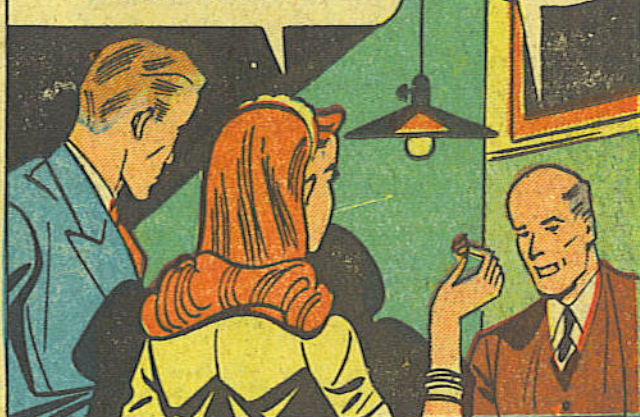
I SUSPECTED HER WHEN I FOUND A BIT OF HER EVENING DRESS ON THE WALL. REMEMBER, RAY?



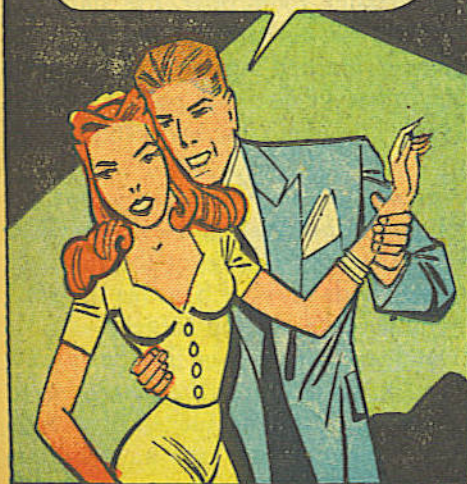
LATER, BACK IN THE "CLARION" OFFICE...

HERE'S THE RING SHE USED TO KILL THE DIPLOMAT! IT HIDES A SMALL KNIFE WHICH CARRIES A DEADLY POISON!

GOOD WORK, RUTH!



SHE'S A SMART GIRL... AND A SWEET ONE!



NOW I'LL WRITE MY STORY TO SHOW HOW SMART I AM! LATER, RAY, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW SWEET I CAN BE...

IT'S A DATE, BABY!



LOOK FOR RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

SALLY the SLEUTH

in "DEATH WATCH"

THE CHIEF, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND SALLY, HIS GIRL ASSISTANT, RECEIVE A VISIT FROM HERMAN BICKEL, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE LEADING UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT OF THEIR CITY...

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE I WANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU. LAST NIGHT, MY FUNERAL PARLOR WAS BROKEN INTO BY AN INTRUDER. THE BACK DOOR LOCK WAS CLEVERLY REMOVED AND LATER REPLACED.

ANYTHING STOLEN?

NO-NOT A THING. BUT I CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING UPSET JUST NOW. I'M HANDLING THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BURIAL OF OLD AMOS CRANE, THE RICH BANKER WHO DIED YESTERDAY.

THE CHIEF AND SALLY GO TO THE FUNERAL PARLOR, WHERE THEY MAKE A CAREFUL EXAMINATION...

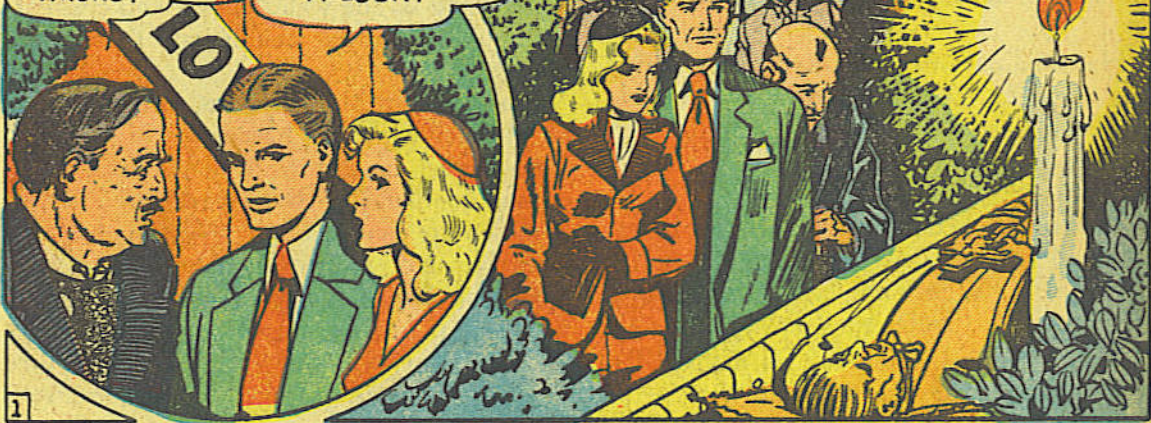
THIS IS WHERE I HAD THE \$5,000. BRONZE CASKET FOR AMOS CRANE, BUT IT WASN'T STOLEN. IT'S NOW AT HIS HOUSE WITH HIM IN IT.

I'LL TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND HERE.
-HMM-M...

THIS IS ONE OF MY BIGGEST JOBS AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING GOES WRONG.

SALLY AND I WILL GO OVER TO THE CRANE HOUSE AND TAKE A LOOK.

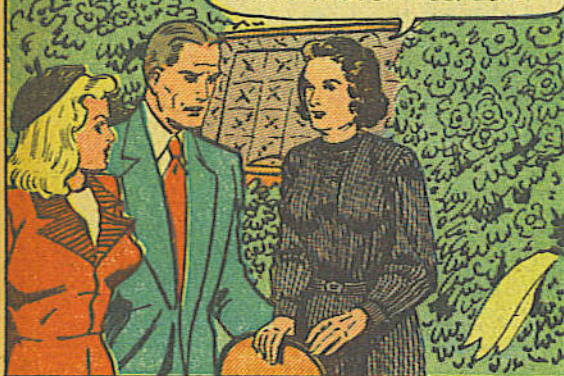
THE DETECTIVE AND SALLY JOIN THE LINE OF MOURNERS AT THE LATE BANKER'S MANSION...



THEY MEET THE BANKER'S WIDOW...

MY CONDOLENCES, MRS. CRANE, I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S, AND I CAME JUST AS SOON AS I HEARD OF HIS PASSING. THIS IS MY SISTER.

THANK YOU. I APPRECIATE YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS.



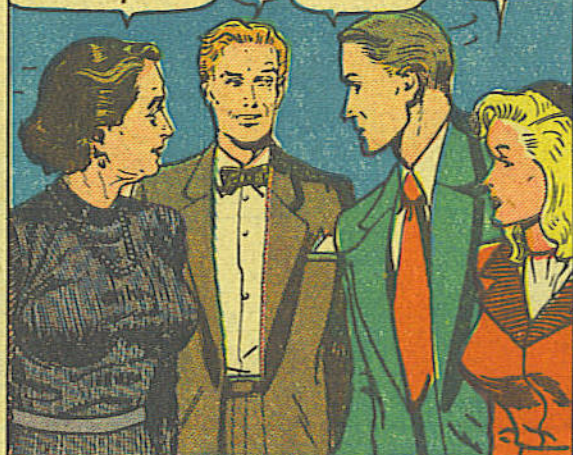
A YOUNG MAN STEPS UP TO THE GROUP...

THIS IS MY NEPHEW FRED.

'LO

HOW DO YOU DO?

HELLO -



THE SLEUTHS KEEP UP THEIR PRETENSE...

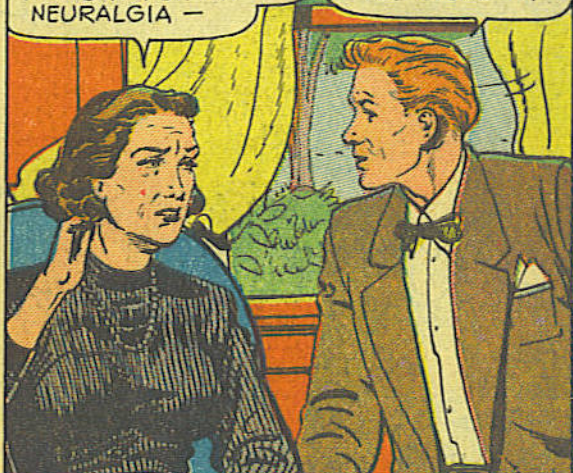
IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME ALL THE WAY FROM ANOTHER STATE. AMOS DIDN'T HAVE MANY CLOSE FRIENDS.

HE WAS A FINE CHAP AND A GOOD BUSINESS MAN. HE HANDLED MY INVESTMENTS IN THIS CITY.

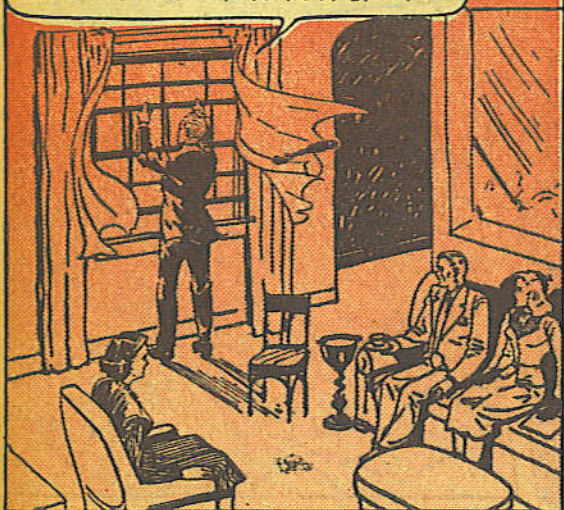


OH DEAR, THERE'S AN AWFUL DRAFT IN HERE. IT'S BAD FOR MY NEURALGIA -

IT'S FROM THAT WINDOW, AUNTIE. I'LL CLOSE IT.



IT'S STUCK - BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET MY TOOL KIT AND FIX IT IN A JIFFY -

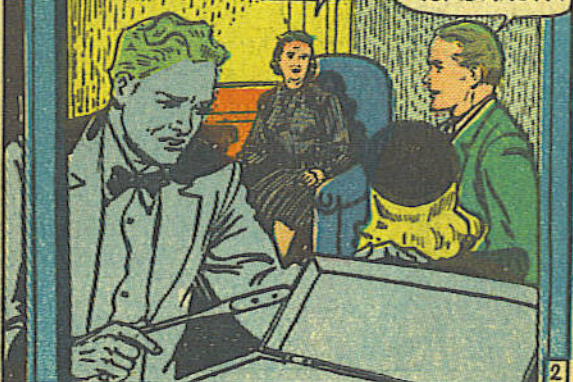


FRED GETS HIS TOOLS AND FIXES THE WINDOW...

THERE! IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

FRED'S SO HANDY WITH TOOLS, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MECHANIC.

WELL, MRS. CRANE, WE WILL HAVE TO GO NOW. SEE YOU TOMORROW.



IN THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE...

HERE'S AN ARTICLE ON CRANE'S WILL. HE LEAVES EVERYTHING TO HIS WIDOW, AND AFTER HER DEATH IT GOES TO HER NEPHEW. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THEM, THE MONEY GOES TO ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

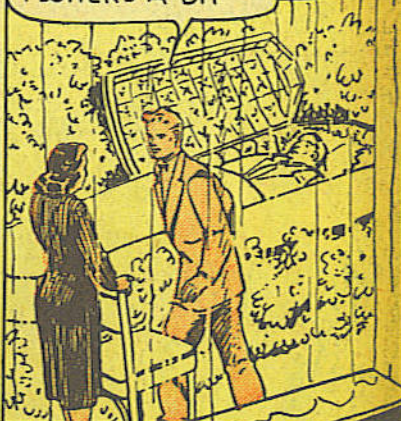


THAT NIGHT, AFTER ALL THE VISITORS HAVE LEFT, THE CHIEF AND SALLY ARE SNOOPING AROUND OUTSIDE THE CRANE MANSION...



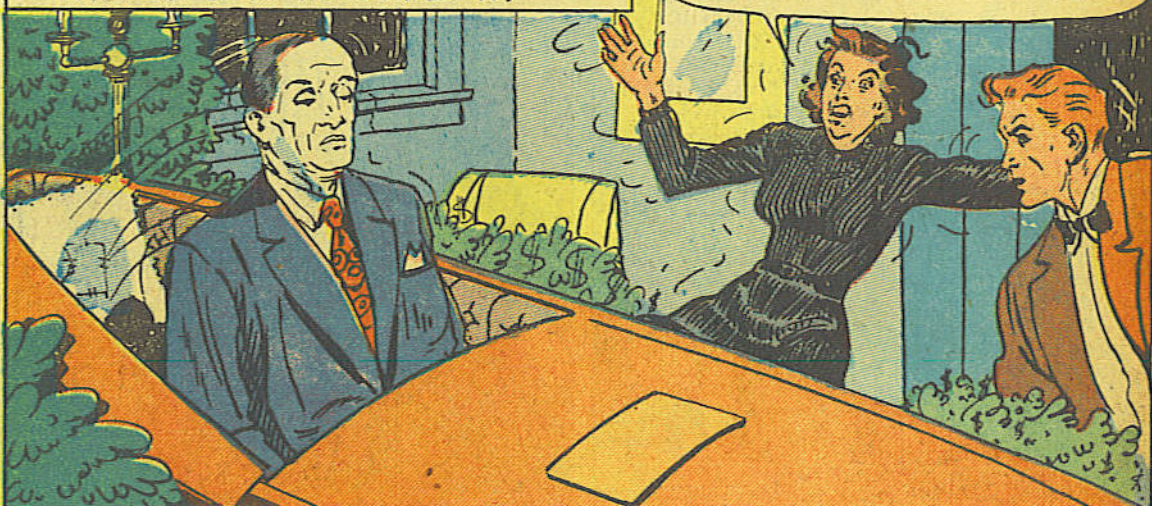
INSIDE, FRED AND HIS AUNT ARE ALONE IN THE ROOM...

I'LL RE-ARRANGE THESE FLOWERS A BIT -



SUDDENLY, A GRUESOME, BLOOD-CURDLING THING HAPPENS-- THE DEAD MAN SITS STRAIGHT UP IN HIS CASKET !!!

EEEE-EEK!! AMOS!
HE'S MOVING! HE'S-- AAAGH !!



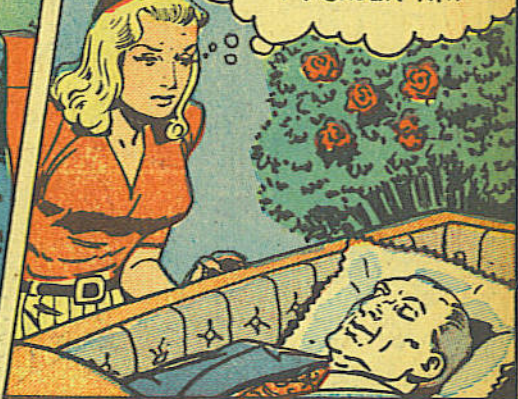
HAVING SEEN ALL THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE DETECTIVES RUSH IN...

WHAT'S THIS! YOUR AUNT SCREAMED. LUCKY WE WERE NEARBY -

I'M AFRAID AUNTIE'S DEAD-- HEART ATTACK!



THE BODY'S BACK IN PLACE AGAIN. FRED HASN'T SAID A WORD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. I WONDER WHY --



AS FRED AND THE SERVANTS REMOVE THE DEAD WOMAN.

SALLY - SLIP OUT AND CALL THE COPS - QUICK!



ALONE FOR A WHILE, THE CHIEF LOOKS CURIOUSLY UNDER THE CASKET...

AH, MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT!



THE POLICE SOON REACH THE SCENE...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEY - WHO CALLED THESE COPS? - WHAT'S THE IDEA?



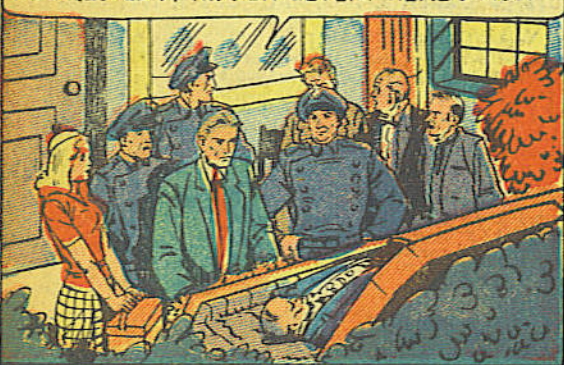
I SENT FOR THEM. SALLY, GO TO HIS ROOM AND BRING HIS TOOL KIT HERE. WILL PROVE THAT MRS. CRANE WAS MURDERED - AND HER NEPHEW FRED IS HER KILLER!

IT'S A LIE!



THE TOOL KIT IS QUICKLY FOUND, AND THE CHIEF RECONSTRUCTS THE CASE...

FRED BROKE INTO BICKEL'S MORTUARY PARLOR AND BORED HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BRONZE CASKET. I FOUND BRONZE DUST THERE, YOU'LL FIND IT ON HIS TOOLS TOO. HE RIGGED AN IRON BAR INSIDE THE BOTTOM TO RAISE THE BODY WHEN HE PRESSED A HIDDEN LEVER. HERE'S HOW-

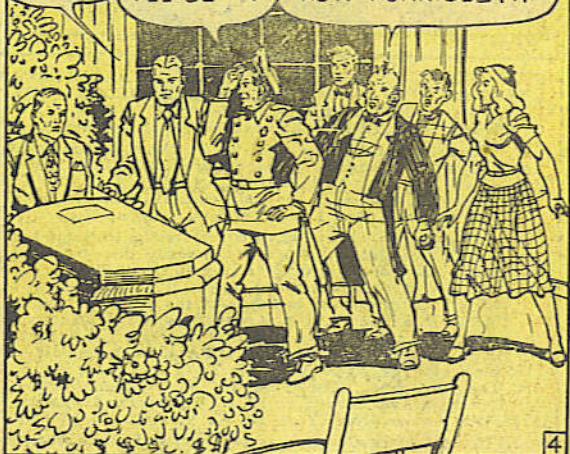


THE CHIEF PASSES THE LEVER HIDDEN BEHIND THE FLOWERS, AND --

LOOK -

WELL - I'LL BE - !

GOOD GRACIOUS!! HOW HORRIBLE!!!



FRED MAKES A BREAK FOR THE DOOR...

HE WAS CLEVER,
ALL RIGHT, HE-
-HEY!

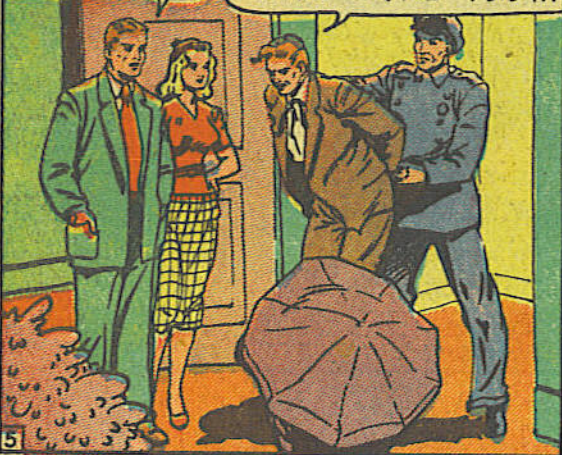
GRAB
HIM!

GET OUT OF
MY WAY!

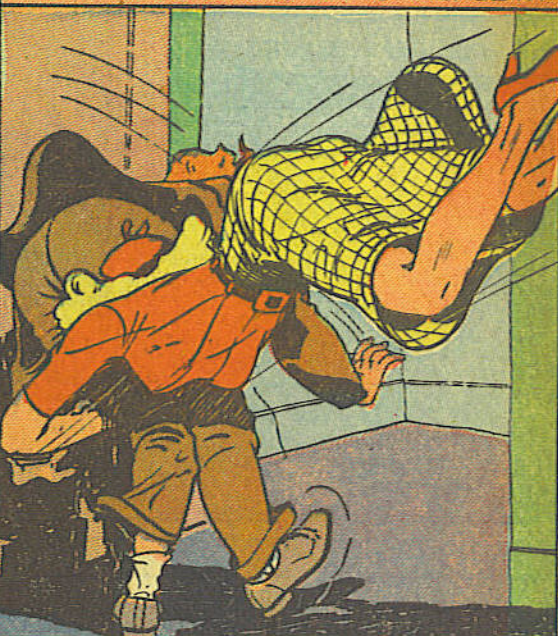


FRED KNEW OF HIS AUNT'S WEAK HEART, AND
PLANNED TO SCARE HER TO DEATH AND THEN
REMOVE HIS CONTRIVANCE BEFORE THE FUNERAL.
LUCKY WE WERE
OUTSIDE WATCHING.

YES-I GUESS YOU'RE TOO
SMART FOR ME--I DID IT.



ALERT SALLY SPRINGS AND BRINGS DOWN THE FUGITIVE WITH A FLYING TACKLE...



HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE
OLD MAN'S MONEY. NOW HE'LL PAY FOR HIS
AUNT'S DEATH AND THE
ORPHAN HOMES WILL
GET ALL THE DOUGH.

ANOTHER POOR
FOOL! I CAN NEVER
UNDERSTAND, CHIEF,
WHY PEOPLE DO SUCH
AWFUL THINGS JUST
FOR MONEY!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CON-
GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39,
United States Code, Section 233)
OF CRIME SMASHERS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, man-
aging editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Trojan
Magazines, Inc., 125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.;
Editor, Adolphe Barreaux, 125 East 46th St., New York 17,
N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and
address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the
names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per-
cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a
corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners
must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorpor-
ated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each
individual member, must be given.) Trojan Magazines, Inc.,
125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.; Michael Estrow,
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Anna Estrow,
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Stanley M. Estrow,
527 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security

holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount
of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are
none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stock-
holder or security holder appears upon the books of the com-
pany as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name
of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting;
also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's
full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condi-
tions under which stockholders and security holders who do
not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold
stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona
fide owner.

ADOLPHE BARREAUX, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of Sep-
tember, 1951, ALFRED YAFFE, Notary Public (My com-
mission expires March 30, 1952).